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## BEING AND PROFESSING.

THROUGH what principle in human nature is it that people so often do themselves injustice in their outward semblances and their professed opinions? We generally hear of our fellow-creatures being addicted to making their outsides fair, while their secret thoughts, designs, and wishes, are far otherwise. But the converse is also a common experience.

You will meet a Calvinist and an Arminian on the same day, and be surprised to reflect that the former is the more amiable man of the two. Yielding to what he thinks an irresistible logic, he, so far from carrying it out regarding his fellow-creatures in his own behaviour to them, has a face of geniality to all, and is a universal benefactor. One could almost suppose that, just because he does profess a stern creed, he the more feels himself called upon to prove that it does not chill his heart—whereas the Arminian is under no such call. Or it may be that, secretly having some misgivings as to that universal pardon which his own heart would extend, he feels as if there were some balm for him in supposing that another and higher Power will be less relenting. It may be partly in both ways that the strange contradiction arises. Perhaps the phenomenon of the 'best-natured man with the worst-natured muse' is of the same character—a remorseful and self-reproaching complaisance 'taking it out' in a little occasional quiet satire.

One of the most remarkable contradictions between personal behaviour and theory ever known, was in the case of the celebrated Mr Malthus. The harshness of his doctrine (however true) towards the affections of poor human nature, was what we all know. Men used to figure him, in consequence, as a sour, stoical old bachelor, who could have calmly looked on while starvation and pestilence were checking off the supernumeraries of creation. But the real Mr Malthus, as we know from the reports of those who knew him, was an amiable, gentle-natured country parson, who grew old in the sunshine of a fireside which his worth and kindness had blessed. He would have been precisely the last man in the world to interfere harshly with the tastes and enjoyments of others, or to order any one away from nature's feast, or any other feast, as a person for whom there was no platter. He whose name has been worked into the language as expressive of the undesirableness of children, was fond of children, and beloved by them, as usual, in return. It would have been a curious study for any one who knew him intimately, to trace what it was in his mind that suggested to

him, and enabled him to maintain so pertinaciously, a dogma which mankind in general have viewed with a kind of horror. Perhaps the very unconsciousness of unkind feeling towards his fellow-creatures was what enabled him to take up his unkind doctrine; a colder man might have distrusted himself, fearful it might be an emanation of his severity of temper, for which he would get into discredit.

State parties, and individual politicians professing patriotic views ought, in consistency, to be the most kind and beneficent in their personal acts; while the partisans of strong government might be expected to prove tyrants in their own circles. But there is a notorious remark to precisely the contrary purport—namely, that the professors of patriotism and philanthropy are often more exacting, arbitrary, and harsh in their private conduct than the most high-flying Tories. Is it that the former can satisfy the calls of conscience in the case by the profession and the advocacy, and, feeling as if no more were wanting, do no more accordingly, but rather feel themselves entitled to be a little sour now and then; while the Tories, sensible that their doctrine would subjugate the people (for their own good), are under a call to shew that, with this severity on their lips, they can be practically beneficent—willing, shall we say, to do every imaginable thing for their fellow-creatures but trust them with the power of doing anything for themselves?

There again is that strange, deep remark of Swift, that nice people are people of filthy ideas. It is a satire on refinement, surely in the main unjust; but there are certainly some people of great external nicety, whose inner minds, as occasionally appears in their conduct, are far from being cleanly. Probably it is that, sensible of the fault, they fly for solace to the exemplification of the opposite. They are nice through mere antagonism to their want of true purity.

In one of the personal narratives of the siege of Lucknow, it is stated that many of the persons formerly most noted for their courtesy and good-manners, proved, in the exigencies of the time, uncommonly selfish; while amongst people who had been thought rude and rather rough, there were many bright examples of self-sacrificing kindness. Is it to be believed that men put on virtues *because* they have them not, only speak of sincerity when they are shamming, and will even be deceivers in their faults?

I must confess to a disrelish for perfect characters, or persons who are always straining up to some uncommon pitch of correctness in some particular point. When I find an uneasy, restless, unsatisfiable

eagerness about being good, I always fear that the goodness may not prove solid or lasting, or that it may be accompanied by error in some other quarter, more than down-weighting it. The really worthy people are those who make little din or fuss about either their own conduct or other people's. The truth is, to be over-conscious of sin is itself sin—with genuine innocence you might live an age and never hear of iniquity. So also I feel it to be a kind of reproach to speak much of a country as a very moral country. It seems to imply that there is some unusual sense in that country of propensities to be struggled with, or of rewards to be gained by suppressing or appearing to suppress them. Such a country may always reasonably be suspected of being in reality worse in some points than its neighbours. Our friend, Major Truefitt, is so much impressed with this view, that he is always solicitous of defending his native country of Scotland from the charge of being a specially moral country. He insists that it shews as much reckless imprudence in commerce, as much erratic amatory enthusiasm, as high a degree of bacchanalian extravagance, as any country under the sun. He calls on you to look at its Darien expeditions and Stuart rebellions in the past, its Western Banks, its returns of births and of 'gallons entered for home consumption' in the present, and say whether that country can be fairly accused of any suspicious amount of either prudence or external morality. There may be a few people constantly crying out, Let us be moral; but you must not on that account fix a stigma upon the whole population.

A tremendous problem every now and then occurs amongst us; a man turns out to be a frightful cheat and defaulter, or a dreadful profligate, who had for a long course of years appeared as a person of profound piety and entire worth. The ordinary—we might say the vulgar pronouncement on the subject is, that the man was all along a feigner of good qualities and sound opinions and duties—a successful hypocrite. A more candid and analytical view would admit some shade of sincerity even in this wretched sinner. We must remember how much we can impose on ourselves; what struggles there are in us between good and evil inclinations; how natural a resource it is for the erring to try to make some consolation and atonement out of good intentions, blind gropings at rectitude, desires to see that advanced which may at least save others. There really is no authentication for one-third of the hypocrisy or insincerity which we commonly speak of as existing in the world. In other words, the possibility of a life-long speciosity, or keeping up of appearances opposite to the reality, has never been proved. Human nature would break down under any such appearances in a very short time, if there were not a support in that palpable unmistakable power we have of self-deception, of believing that we believe, of apologising for the want of deeds by emotions, and disguising the selfishness of our opinions under fair pretences.

Ordinary people are so much in the habit of judging of historical persons by the bearing of the acts of these persons on their own convictions, that it is difficult for them to read history in any other light. Thus, one whom we call a persecutor will always appear as a monster of wickedness, while any one whom we call a martyr will equally seem to have an indefeasible claim upon our admiration. Yet it is perfectly certain that many persecutors have been excellent men. It is a remark of Neander, that the best Roman emperors, as Marcus Aurelius and Julian, opposed Christianity, while the more profligate bearers

of the purple refrained from molesting it. And it is easy to see how this might be. It being granted that a certain doctrine is of the highest consequence for the ultimate happiness of men, and a departure from it equally fatal, it irresistibly follows with a well-wishing man, unrestrained as men heretofore have been by any foresight of counteracting evils, that it will appear worth while to destroy a heterodox few in order to save the faith of the many. Thus it is, indeed, that persecution is always a strictly logical crime. But it is more. It always has a good end in view, and may therefore well be the fault of good men. It is only when its bad results are seen, or men begin to fear for the responsibility they incur in acting out such dreadful things on merely an assurance of themselves being right and others wrong, that persecution is allowed to cease.

A few ideas are here thrown out with a view to suggesting fruitful trains of thought in the reader. If he will only follow them out, I do not doubt that he will come to see cause for taking a great number of things in a different light from that in which they first strike the eye of the observer. Let him find a useful exercise in looking below the seeming and the professed for the real, even though it shock a few of his most respectable old prejudices.

#### A VISIT TO THE CHOCTAWS.

Downs the Mississippi moves the steamer; onward, onward, never resting, never tiring. In vain the primeval forests on the banks stretch towards us their hundred arms, as if to draw us into their dark mysterious depths. Onward speeds the restless vessel, neither stopping to afford us a fuller view of those gigantic hickory-trees and sycamores that lift their heads so high above their brother-giants of the forest, nor of those lovely groups of cotton-wood that throw the shadow of their long branches far across the stream; nor to let us pay a flying-visit to the cozy log-houses which here and there peep forth from amid the verdure on the banks of the little tributaries, which gush forth to mingle their waters with those of the 'great father of rivers;' nor even to let us cull one flower from the beautiful islets which stud his broad bosom. Not until we reach Fort Napoleon, at the mouth of the Arkansas, do the splashing wheels relax. Here, those who, like ourselves, are bound for the 'far west,' descend from the majestic Mississippi steamer into humbler craft of the same kind, which, grown too old for active service, are moored off the little town, and serve not only as landing-wharfs, but as warehouses and hotels.

With such poor accommodation to tempt us, we will not dwell long in this hot, swampy place, swarming with mosquitoes, but embark again on the swelling waters of the Arkansas, and follow its course upwards towards the west. With surprise we witness the rapidly increasing depths of the water in this river. Yesterday, the loamy banks might be seen rising high above the level of the stream; to-day, the waters, which have assumed a darker and more reddish hue, lave the roots, and even the stems of the trees that fringe the banks; and rushing onward with unfettered speed and energy, here bank up enormous heaps of snags; there break down barricades of a similar kind, which it has taken them years to build; or uproot trees still standing, and carry them off triumphantly, as a tribute to the Mississippi. Soon, however, the decreasing quantity

of drift-wood shews that the waters are again receding; and in a little while the banks again rise high above them; and the stream becomes so shallow, that it requires a steady hand to guide the vessel safely past the numerous shoals and snags that obstruct its path.

Who shall describe the wondrous beauty of the primeval forests on these banks; the sublime majesty, the exalted repose of nature, as yet untouched by the hand of man; the legions of grasses and of herbs, of shrubs, and creeping plants, whose myriads of flowers form a chaos of colour that dazzles the eyes of the enchanted beholder; the numberless forest-trees, grouped together in families, whose leafy crowns, varying from the tenderest to the deepest green, present an unbroken picture of delicious freshness; for ancient moss-covered stems, that lift their branches high above the impenetrable underwood, and have seen hundreds of summers, seem as full of life and vigour as the young saplings, sprung from their seed, which grow under the protection of their shadow. As yet, the sound of the busy paddles but rarely disturbs the silence of these solitudes, and the various denizens of the forest have not yet learned to dread the approach of man. With fearless curiosity the stag gazes at the passing steamer; while the parrot, undisturbed, climbs chattering from branch to branch; the purple head of the wild turkey is thrust forth inquisitively from amid the foliage of the low brushwood; and the black bear, bathing in the stream, raises himself on end, and blinks his little eyes good-naturedly at the approaching leviathan, until, annoyed by the large waves raised by it in its passage, he shakes his shaggy coat, and trots grumbling into the thicket.

Between four and five hundred miles the steamer passes up the Arkansas amid this imposing scenery, a few small clearings, at far-distant intervals, shewing where alone the hand of man has touched the primeval forest; and not until we reach Little Rock, the capital of the state of Arkansas, do we come upon evidence of that constant progress of the white race westward, which is almost yearly adding new states to the territories of the stripes and stars. But our visit is not to these new rulers of the American continent; we are in quest of the red man, the ancient lord of the western world—of the red man, not in the degraded state to which too many of his race have been reduced by the civilisation, which for nearly three hundred years has been hunting them like noxious animals from place to place, giving them nothing in return for the lands of which it deprived them, but the vices bred in its populous cities, and the 'fire-water' that maddens the Indian, and gives tenfold intensity to all his worst passions—but of the red man such as he has become when at last left in quiet possession of some of the loveliest tracts of his native land, free to borrow the aids of civilisation as he may require them. Therefore, not at this little capital will we dwell, but continuing our course up the Arkansas, we will speed past the Dardanel rock, on which still towers the tall tree that of yore served the Indians as a watch-tower—past the Bee Rocks, in whose clefts and crevices myriads of wild-bees have found a home perhaps for thousands of years—past the friendly little town of Van Buren, spread out in an open smiling valley, till we reach Fort Smith, where the Poteau falls into the Arkansas. Here we land on Indian territory, though not yet among the Indians, for Fort Smith is an American town, full of American go-ahead notions, and though situated in the midst of an unpeopled but blooming wilderness, is already speculating upon forming an important station on the railway which ere long shall unite the gold-fields on the Pacific with the commercial ports on the Atlantic.

Lovely, indeed, is the spot in which Providence has allowed the Choctaws at length to find rest for the soles of their feet, and to prove that the race of the red man is, as little as any other of God's children, absolutely incapable of civilisation. Above Fort Smith, and more especially from the point where the Canadian falls into the Arkansas, the country becomes diversified by numerous small prairies, which break the monotony of the forest scenery, while mountains rear their heads around. Sugar-loaf Mount, the Cavanaugh Mountains, and the Sans Bois Mountains, enclose narrow valleys of surpassing beauty and fertility. Fields, spangled with flowers of the most gorgeous hues, invite the sower to confide to them the seed that produces the staff of life, and promise a hundredfold in return for his labour. Numberless rivulets that run to meet the larger streams diffuse a delicious freshness through the air in summer; and the neighbouring mountains and impenetrable forests shut out the cold blasts in winter. And amid these lovely scenes the traveller needs no longer start back at the sound of the rustling foliage, fearing to see an arrow or a tomahawk speeding to arrest his life, or the blood-thirsty eyes of an Indian or a panther glaring at him from the bushes. The tomahawk has been exchanged for a sickle, the wild warhoop for the joyous call of the huntsman; and where bears and panthers used to roam as monarchs of the forest, now browse peaceful herds, that furnish wholesome food for an industrious population. As a welcome guest, the stranger may wander from farmstead to farmstead, sure to find a red hand held out to greet him, a plenteous meal to satisfy his hunger, and a comfortable bed to repose in, and in many cases an intelligent companion to converse with; for well-being and even riches are not uncommon among these agricultural tribes of Indians; and in localities where the tattooed warrior not very long back knew no better how to record his vague thoughts and wild imaginings, than by grotesque hieroglyphics traced upon tanned hides, there the civilised Indian now reads newspapers in his native language, and sends his sons to the schools of the far east.

The territory occupied by the Choctaw Indians, who, according to Catlin, number at present 22,000, stretches southward from the Arkansas to the Canadian river, and borders on the east on the state of Arkansas; on the south, on the territory of the Chickasaws; on the west, on that of the Creeks; and on the north, on the lands of the Cherokees—all of which tribes have attained a similar degree of civilisation, and at present differ very little from each other. Previous to their settlement in these regions, the Choctaws inhabited the rich hunting-grounds in the states of Alabama and Mississippi, which were purchased of them by the United States government, for a sum to be paid in yearly instalments, spread over a period of twenty years; which term is now nearly expired, the money having returned into the hands of the white men, without having conferred much benefit on the red. But, according to their own traditions, the migrations of the Choctaws began long before the arrival of the white men in the western world. 'Many, many winters ago,' they say, 'the Choctaws dwelt far away towards the setting sun, far beyond the great flowing water (the Missouri), behind the snowy mountains (Rocky Mountains). A great medicine-man was their chief. He led them forth each day, walking in front of them with a long red staff in his hand. Wherever he struck his staff in the ground, there they pitched their tents; but each morning the staff was found inclining towards the rising sun. This, said the medicine-man, was a sign that they must continue their wanderings; but when they came to a place where the staff remained upright in the ground, that would indicate that there the Great Spirit

would have them dwell; that there they should have their home. For a long, long time, they continued their wanderings, until at length they came to a place called Nah-ni-wa-go (sloping hill), where the staff remained upright in the ground. There they settled, and built a large camp, one mile long and one mile broad. The men dwelt on the outside, the women and children in the middle; and Nah-ni-wa-go is to this day considered the centre of the old Choctaw nation.'

To the fertility of the country, which gives rich harvests in return for very little labour, and to the softening influences of the climate, more than to the endeavours of the white race, is to be attributed the transformation of these nomadic savages into civilised agriculturists; yet it must be allowed that the American government has of late years shewn itself truly solicitous to promote the welfare of the Indians; and it is around one of the agencies founded to protect the various tribes from the encroachments of the white squatters, that has grown up what we may denominate the capital of the Choctaws, the little town called Hei-to-to-wa by the Indians, and Sculleville, or simply 'the Agency,' by the Americans. Hei-to-to-wa is fourteen miles from Fort Smith. The road, passing through the beautiful valley of the Arkansas, leads us first to Fort Coffee, very prettily situated on an eminence on the bank of the river. This fort, built thirty years ago as a defence against the Indians, has now been converted into a school for Indian boys, who, to the average number of fifty at a time, are educated here under the superintendence of a Methodist missionary, paid by the American government. Well-cultivated fields of corn and maize surround the fort. Negro slaves are busy at their various occupations, and merry, black-eyed, copper-coloured urchins are at play in the gardens. The distance from the school to the Agency is five miles. At first, the road skirts a great prairie; then, after a time, turns into the forest-land again; and here we soon come upon clearings in which the carefully tilled fields and comfortable log-houses, surrounded by vigorous young fruit-trees, announce the approach of the Indian town. Hei-to-to-wa, however, though called a town, consists of but one broad street, formed of log-houses, with gardens attached, and rather bears the appearance of a happy bustling village, in which Indians, negroes, and whites—the latter mostly married to Indians—are seen moving about in perfect harmony. The sound of the thrashing-flails from the barn-yards, the noise of numerous forges, the bellowing of cattle, and the barking of dogs, tell of happy industry and general well-being, while the numbers of persons in the street indicate that something unusual is going on. Our visit indeed happens to be coincident with a gathering of the chiefs at Sculleville, which has made the Indians flock in from the neighbouring farms, and has filled to overflowing the boarding-house, which, in true American fashion, has been got up in the town, more especially for the accommodation of Indian fathers and mothers who may wish to visit their daughters who are at school in Hei-to-to-wa, where there is an establishment for Indian girls similar to that for boys at Fort Coffee. Indian women, no longer held among the Choctaws in that degrading bondage which made them the slaves rather than the companions of their husbands, have accompanied the latter to the meeting, for games and pastimes of all kinds diversify these assemblies, and you may see these ladies—for we suppose we must no longer call them squaws—in numbers in the streets, like their better-halves, clad in European attire, but in colours the excessive gaudiness of which indicates a half-civilised taste, and with a quantity of that pretty bead-work and straw-work ornamentation

about their dress, which shews that, with the savagery of Indian life, they have not abandoned its arts.

At the western extremity of the town is a warehouse, in front of which runs a slightly elevated gallery, which serves as the public tribune of the Choctaws. Round this tribune, under the lovely summer sky, assemble, towards evening, all the Indians who have flocked together in Hei-to-to-wa to listen to the wisdom of their congregated chiefs. The first who takes the word has evidently come from a distance. He is not a half-naked tattooed warrior, with his head encircled by a crown of many-coloured feathers, but a stalwart farmer, clad in a travel-soiled, fantastically shaped cotton garment, with a broad-brimmed brown hat on his head; but what is wanting in the splendour of his attire he makes up for by native dignity of manner and by a *suada* that makes an American who is standing by, and who understands not one syllable of what is spoken, exclaim in perfect sincerity: 'Well, hitherto I have thought the English was the most beautiful language, but hereafter I shall give the palm to the Choctaw.' Chief after chief stands up in similar manner to deliver his opinions on the subjects mooted, and to indulge in that love of speechifying which is characteristic of their race; and with unflagging attention, the assembled multitude listens until dawn of day. In the same primitive manner as certain public affairs were discussed on the present occasion, the courts of justice are at all times held, the criminal being present, and, when sentence of death is pronounced, being despatched on the spot by means of a bullet.

In public assemblies of this kind the women take no part, though they may collect at a respectful distance outside the ring of male auditors; but at the public games, which are celebrated with a kind of religious reverence, they are interested spectators, and sometimes take part in the betting. These games, which are generally carried on in some great open prairie, have been handed down from generation to generation since times immemorial, and form a subject of so much national pride, that whatever the degree of civilisation he has attained, the Indian, on occasion of their celebration, throws off his cumbersome apparel, and painting himself from head to foot like his fathers of old, enters the arena to contend for honours which are ever dear to his heart. The principal and most widely diffused among these Indian games is that of ball or ring, to which some notion of 'medicine' or magical power is still attached. The mode of proceeding, when a public contest is to take place, is as follows: Two men, renowned for their dexterity, challenge each other for a trial of skill. The day of meeting is appointed, and messengers are sent out by each champion to enrol partisans on his side. These messengers proceed from settlement to settlement, and from house to house, mentioning the name of the chief combatants, and the day appointed for the contest; and those who promise to join, signify the fact by touching a highly ornamented staff, with a ring at one end, carried by the messenger—a ceremony considered so binding, that to fail after having performed it, is to cover yourself with dishonour. As every participator in the game is accompanied by all his relatives, half the nation or tribe may sometimes be found assembled on these occasions—those who do not take an active part indulging at least in the excitement of betting. When the contending parties have arrived in the prairie selected for the sport, tents are pitched, the ground is measured off, and each party erects on its side, 250 feet from the centre of the playground, two poles sixteen feet high, placed at a distance of six feet from each other, and connected at the top by a cross-pole. These arrangements are superintended by four elected umpires, to whom also are given in charge the various stakes and prizes,

consisting of horses, rifles, blankets, wearing-apparel, household furniture, &c., &c., and who spend the night in watching over them, singing dismal songs, and smoking pipes in honour of the Great Spirit. At sunset, the next day, the combatants appear upon the ground. With the exception of a short petticoat and a gaily embroidered belt, with a horse's tail dyed in brilliant colours attached and pendent behind, they are quite naked; but the absence of clothes is made up for by the paint, of every imaginable colour, with which their bodies are besmeared from head to foot. In their hands they hold sticks of some light kind of wood, with a ring at the end large enough to hold the ball, but not to let it pass through; and the game consists in trying to catch the ball in this ring, and to fling it through the poles. The party who first succeeds in making the ball pass a hundred times through the poles erected on its own ground, has won the game.

When the sun has set behind the forest, torches are lighted, and the players advance in procession towards the poles. Singing and howling, clattering their sticks against each other, and striking their drums, they dance around them, while the women, likewise moving in procession, take up their place in two long rows in the centre of the playground, where they also lift their voices in chorus, and rock their bodies to and fro, now resting on one foot, now on the other. In the meanwhile, the umpires sit smoking their pipes on the line of demarcation; and the night passes in revelry. At sunrise, a gunshot gives the signal for the games to commence. The ball is hurled high into the air by one of the umpires, the players rush forward from both sides to catch it in their rings; and with short intervals of repose, the game is kept up till sunset, perhaps to begin again the next day and the next.

Many of the Choctaws have accepted Christianity, but many still cling to their ancient faith, and more especially to its doctrine of the life hereafter—a fact which proves that the love of the wild forest-life is not yet quite extinct among them. According to their belief, the dead have to make a long journey westward until they reach a deep and rapid stream, beyond which are the hunting-fields of the blessed. This stream they must cross by a bridge made of the stem of a tall pine-tree, stripped of its bark, and smoothed and polished. The good proceed with firm and steady steps across the slippery bridge, and reach the blessed hunting-grounds, where the heavens are never clouded, where the air is always cool, and where they are endowed with new and everlasting youth, and spend their time in endless joy hunting and feasting. But bad men, when endeavouring to pass the narrow bridge, see the steep banks giving way, are seized by unconquerable giddiness, and precipitate themselves into the depths below. There the waters fall thundering from the rocks, and the whirlpool spinning them round and round, ever brings them back to the same spot, where the air is poisoned by the exhalations of dead fish, where the trees are dead and leafless, where snakes and toads revel in the slimy mud, where eternal hunger gnaws their entrails, and whence they endeavour in vain to climb up the steep banks to catch a glimpse of the abode of the blessed.

In the comfortable log-house, as in the rude wigwam, one of the chief delights of the Indian is to sit round the fire and listen to the legends of the past as they drop from the lips of the aged. Here is one of these legends, which, no doubt like many another myth, owes its origin to a name. Among the tribes incorporated with the Choctaw nation is one called the Crawfish Band. The story of its adoption the Choctaws tell as follows: 'In the beginning, the Crawfish Band lived in great caves, where for many

miles around there was no light. They had to find their way to the daylight through mud and morass, and to get back the same way. They looked like craw-fish, walked on hands and feet, did not understand what was said to them, and were very timid and fearful. The Choctaws often watched for them to speak to them, but they escaped into their holes. Once, however, the Choctaws cut off the way, and then they ran towards the neighbouring rocks, and disappeared in the clefts. The Choctaws then laid dry wood and twigs outside, and made a great fire and a great smoke, and in this way they drove out some of the Crawfish men. These they were kind to; they taught them to speak, and to walk on two legs; and they cut off their long nails, and plucked the hairs off their bodies, and then adopted them into their tribe. But many of the Crawfish men remain in the earth, where they live to this day in deep dark caves.'

Such is the lore with which the Choctaw diverts us while under his hospitable roof, and we would fain linger longer with these interesting children of the forest, who are gradually being converted into quiet dwellers in cities, but our time is out; and those who would know more about them and the neighbouring tribes, we must refer to Mr Möllhausen,\* who has been our own guide.

#### A CHILD'S HOLIDAY.

I WAS seven years old, and hitherto, as I thought, I had lived a life of too much seclusion. A Boy of my age, forsooth, and to have seen so little of the world—it was discreditable! We lived in London, and yet—would it be believed?—with the exception of Pantomimes, the performances of Conjurors and Ventriloquists, and other childish exhibitions of the like nature, I was wholly ignorant of Metropolitan enjoyments. Even to the scenes I have mentioned, my Father and Mother had accompanied me—a circumstance which materially detracted from that pleasurable sense of self-importance, which made itself by that time felt within me pretty strongly. I had been to the Tower without them, to be sure, and had experienced considerable satisfaction from an interview, upon equal terms, with a Beefeater, and an undisturbed and protracted contemplation of some phlegmatic horsemen in complete armour; but even then, our Butler was behind me; and I think I caught him once in the very act of a derisive smile. The fact was clear, that I was not allowed sufficient liberty. I, the heir of the house, was scarcely less in leading-strings than my little brother, a small boy of five years old. It became obvious to me that such a state of things was not to be endured. It was absolutely attempted upon one occasion (I relate it with shame), to induce me to accompany that youth, with a couple of nursemaids, in a walk in Kensington Gardens. A dishonourable spectacle, which the good people, however, (I refer to my parents,) had the prudence not to insist upon my exhibiting. I protest I would almost as soon have been seen in Regent Street, inside a Perambulator.

On my seventh birthday, I entertained a select party of young gentlemen—at Dinner? Nothing of the sort, my Public, I assure you. At Tea and Cake, and a supper to follow, principally composed of bonbons. A mere Juvenile Party, whereat my small

\* Reise von der Mississippi nach den Küsten der Südsee von Baldwin Möllhausen. Leipzig: 1858.

brother and some of his little friends made themselves most uncommonly ill with certain ornamental devices which looked in their childish eyes to be good to eat. It was on the morning which succeeded this very mild entertainment that I determined to throw off the yoke in earnest, and assume that independence to which my years entitled me. The epoch was peculiarly fitting; while the circumstance of my having received the sum of five shillings from my grandmother upon the preceding evening, gave me the pecuniary means of commencing life upon my own account.

I determined to pay a visit to the then newly opened exhibition called the *Panopticon* (stigmatised classically, since its total failure, as the *All-my-Eye*), and to do so independently of Father, Mother, Butler, Nurse-maid, or any other such degrading companionship. I had heard people discoursing of it, and understood that it was a long way off; but how far, or in what direction, or even what sort of a place it was when one got there, I was profoundly ignorant. Therefore, for convenience' sake, I thought I would do a bit of patronage, and take some person with me who should be better informed. The idea which first crossed me, of treating the Policeman who patrolled our square to this entertainment, I put aside at once, as savouring of protection and dependence: the Crossing-sweeper, I felt convinced, would never part with his Broom, and I had a sense of propriety which revolted at the notion of being connected with an instrument of that kind in the public streets: the same reason prevented me from making overtures to the Baker's young man, whom I had never beheld divorced from his gigantic basket: while the Butcher-boy, who dressed in blue, and wore an unseemly weapon outside that garment, was of course even still more open to objection.

At last, I remembered that when our boots required any cobbling, short of a new sole or upper leather, we had sometimes been taken into a back-street in the neighbourhood to a certain humble son of Crispin, in order that he might see what they required before he sent for them to the house; and this person had a very good-natured son. I was certain of that, because the young man, upon an occasion of my having been knocked down by a passing cab, had carried me in his arms in the most delicate and feeling manner possible; and had been so wrapped up in my misfortune—just as if I had been a mere child—that he had quite forgotten to take down the number of the cab, with a view of 'summoning' it, which was the idea, when I returned to consciousness, that immediately occurred to me.

It was to this person, therefore, I determined to apply. But before I left our house, which I did about five minutes after my father had set out for his chambers, I left a few lines—by help of a chair—upon the Dining-room mantel-piece, for my mother (where I knew that she must needs find them in a few hours), to state briefly, the circumstances of my self-emancipation, and also the place where I was gone.

'MY DEAR MAMMA—I am now in my eighth year and grown up. You will not be therefore astonished, or, I hope, displeased, that I am gone out to-day, as Papa does, without anybody to take care of me. It is quite impossible to say where I may be going; there are so many things to be visited, you see, my dear mamma; but I intend in the first instance to turn my steps towards the *Pannoponnikon* (or something like that). Your affectionate son, ROBERT (not BOBBY).

'P.S. If I am not back at the children's dinner-hour, they are not to wait, please.'

I left that letter on the mantel-piece; put on my Sunday hat and my best gloves; selected from the stand one very enormous green umbrella, which I judged would give a sort of finish to my appearance, and establish me as one of mature years in the public eye; then I opened the street-door with great difficulty, and leaving it open—since I could not by any means shut it—took the first street to the right hand, with the lounging air of a thorough man about town; the only drawback being that I had to trail that green umbrella behind me, which, of course, was far too big for me to carry otherwise. I found the old bootmaker at home, who seemed surprised as well as delighted to see me. He was sitting cross-legged upon his chair and with no shoes on, as was his habitual custom; but he made a pretence of shifting his feet about as though he would have found his shoes—in token of respect—although he and I both knew that they were not in the room. I said, in a condescending but off-hand manner, that I did not require his services, but those of his son, whom I had taken it into my head to treat that day with a visit to the *Panopticon*. While some one was despatched for this young gentleman, I passed the interval, instead of compromising my dignity by conversation, in endeavouring to introduce the huge knob of the umbrella into my mouth, a feat which was at length crowned with success, and afforded me much pleasure. There I stood—and I think I can see myself at it now—with this enormous green excrescence growing, as it were, out of my interior, unable to speak, and scarcely to breathe, but filled with a sense of self-importance which would have sustained me under even more trying circumstances; and there sat the cobbler and his myrmidons, evidently enraptured by my appearance and manners, and hardly proceeding with the business they had on hand.

I was presently released from this ignominious position by the arrival of Crispin the younger. He was a faded, washed-out, rather unhealthy-looking young man of about seventeen, with a silver brooch in his lilac cravat, and a soiled yellow waistcoat, festooned with an enormous chain of mosaic gold. His mother, who was very fond of him—and he was a good son, I am very sure, and more dutiful than some I wot of, who dress with better taste—treated him to these little elegances with a pride equal to that with which he wore them. His eyes were very weak, but good-natured looking; and his legs, which were very thin for so big a lad, were willing enough.

He declared himself to be quite ready to accompany me to the *Panopticon*, and suggested, as he knew the way to it, that he had perhaps better walk before instead of behind me. I waived my social superiority, however, altogether, and insisted upon our walking side by side. I daresay our conversation was not less interesting to ourselves, if less intellectual, than that of any other couple of persons parading that day, in the same direction. I confided to him the harrowing secret of how I had once inadvertently smothered a dormouse which I kept in a lozenge-box, by putting him—with the best intentions—too near the fire; and he in return described how his mother had picked up that very brooch which he then wore, at an auction in Tottenham Court Road—a bargain.

We soon arrived at the Moorish Palace in Leicester Square, and I paid with pride the two shillings out of my own pocket which admitted us both within that Hall of Splendour. I listened with grim delight to the lecturers upon Conjuring, who exposed the arts of those charlatans who had cheated my infant senses.

And afterwards, when young Crispin endeavoured to make me believe that the little man at the keys of the huge organ produced with his fingers all that delicious thunder, I bade him be quiet, because that time was past when I was child enough to credit such a thing. I did not care much for the glass-blowing, and still less for the patent sewing-machines: but I was enchanted beyond measure by the man in the diving-helmet in the long glass Box full of water. How I longed to smash one side of it with the ferrule of my green umbrella, and see how the water would rush out at the hole, and leave him stranded at the bottom in a twinkling; but of course such a proceeding was not to be ventured upon except in imagination. Young Crispin and I had spent hours in this place, and yet I don't think we were either of us weary. Only we had had too many Banbury Cakes and glasses of cherry-brandy at the refreshment-stall, not to feel a little bit drowsy, and inclined to sit down. So we chose a seat in the uppermost gallery, from which we could look down upon all things, and up to which there came from beneath all manner of pleasant sounds: the hum of the huge Organ, the splash of the falling water of the Fountain in the centre, the distant whirr of machinery, and the murmur of conversation from the crowd who perambulated the beautiful building. Young Crispin, under these dreamy influences, succumbed so far as actually to go off in a sort of doze. His weak legs having found a resting-place, his weak eyes took advantage of the fact to close in slumber. I myself, I thought, was far above any such degradation. Tired at two o'clock in the afternoon of my first day of independence? Never! I leaned forward upon the rail, however, which overlooked the scene beneath, and having hung my enormous green umbrella upon the same, outside—not knowing where else to put it to, out of the way—I sucked and sucked at the great knob of it, and watched the people crossing and recrossing beneath, or looked down into the depths of a magnificent glass *vicarium*, which lay immediately beneath, but at a vast distance, filled with all sorts of gleaming fishes and wonders of the deep. I stared at these till I scarcely knew where I was. Presently the Fountain began to leap to a less lively measure, the Organ to have a tone less distinct and more soothing, the machinery to be set to a more monotonous air, the people to converse more like bees than human creatures. Gracious goodness, what was that! All on a sudden, I was set wide awake, and plunged in an ecstasy of horror, by the consciousness that the knob of that green umbrella had somehow wobbled out of my mouth, and that the whole thing was then descending straight upon the *vicarium*.

The total catastrophe could not have taken above half a minute, but it seemed to me to comprehend an age of agony. I watched the hideous incubus, like some monstrous and ill-omened bird, wend slowly upon its errand of destruction; I saw the people's upturned eyes concentrated upon me like one burning glass; I heard a scream of horror burst from the awakened Crispin, and then a tremendous crash, and outburst of a torrent of water, below. Hurrying feet upon the staircase, threats, imprecations, vows of vengeance, succeeded in a whirl of horror. Then I saw Crispin offering his silver brooch—that tremendous bargain—and mosaic gold chain in payment for the damage, and both these valuables refused with indignant scorn. At that sight I felt that I must needs have done a world of mischief indeed. At last—Beatific Vision!—I saw our own fat Butler with arms extended, and joyful face. He had been despatched by my distracted mother on the instant that my little note had been discovered, in the faint hope that he would find me safe at the Panopticon. She herself had gone to my father's chambers, and he to the police.

Notwithstanding my advanced age and independent

position, I was most unfeignedly glad to see this emissary, and to find myself—it's so long ago that I don't remember what became of Crispin—safe in the arms of my good people at home.

#### AN OPENING FOR BRITISH ENTERPRISE.

THE 2d of September inaugurated a new era in the history of British India. The government passed into the hands of the Queen. All honour to the East India Company! They had vanquished oriental potentates; they had given us an empire; in a few years they would have learned to vanquish their own prejudices, and in this latter conquest to have more closely knit India to Great Britain.

It is singular how inveterately the Company and their agents adhered to the antipathies of their earliest predecessors towards the Europeans who went to India for the purpose of earning a livelihood, or possibly achieving a fortune, without having previously covenanted to serve the Company. This, in its results, was the great blot upon the administration of India. In the midst of many great doings, it caused others of mighty consequence to be left undone. It tended to retard progress, and justifies the hope expressed in the first line of this article, that the 2d of September 'inaugurated a new era.'

There is such a thing, however, as a distinction without a difference. The new council is very like the old directors. What the Company did, the new council may be apt to approve; but there is this hope for us all, and we should rejoice to think it a guarantee—the new government of India is directly responsible to the House of Commons, and, in the fear of raising the ire of the legislature, may be disposed to change its policy towards what a Scotch member of parliament is fond of calling 'the independent element.' The scope for improvement in India is very wide. It will be a sin and a shame if the fullest encouragement be not given to Europeans to resort thither with their capital, their intelligence, their thews and sinews. Down to 1833, adventurous men were scared with the apprehension of being *deported* to England if they offered the slightest offence to any member of the local governments. The story of Mr Buckingham, who was sent home, *viâ* China, for presuming to censure some acts of the governor-general or the governor of Madras in the columns of his newspaper, the *Calcutta Journal*, is well known to the reader of the current history of India. But offences of a much milder dye than the alleged crime of Mr Buckingham were threatened with the condign punishment of deportation. A coachmaker at Bombay was contumelious in his bearing towards a secretary to government, who would not pay his bill. The secretary appealed to the governor and council for protection from the 'common European.' The Bombay gods trembled on their Olympus; but Jupiter Elphinstone, the governor, was magnanimous—he deemed interference *infra dig.*, and the tradesman was spared. Every man residing in India was, down to 1832, a misdeemant before the law if he had not proceeded thither armed with the indentures of a 'free merchant' or a 'free mariner,' reluctantly granted at the East India House; and these indentures or licences being liable to withdrawal by the local government, the 'nicest' offence jeopardised the liberty of the 'interloper.' Without the licence, he was obnoxious to banishment to England at a few hours' notice.

When the charter was renewed in 1833, the restriction upon the general resort of Europeans was removed. But every kind of encouragement to agricultural improvement was withheld—road-making was retarded—laws were enacted which rendered the

tenure of property uncertain; so that, after the lapse of twenty years, the Europeans settled in the Mofussil or interior of India are not more numerous than they were when the door was opened to their admission! 'A new era has been inaugurated.' The country craves such improvement as will enable it to enrich England, and enhance her importance and strength. The voice of the soil cries out for the labour that shall render every acre fruitful; the people are athirst for that elevation in the social scale which can only be wrought by European contact; and these demands will be complied with. The House of Commons, alive to its duty, has elicited, through the medium of a committee of its own members, a number of facts which, operating as the train communicating with a mine, have exploded and blown to atoms the fallacies which constituted the intrenchments and *châteaux de frise* of the old government. The native of Great Britain now should know that there are 'fresh fields and pastures new' open to his spirit of industry; and it behoves the press to direct his attention to a source of wealth so much more certain to yield good results than the richest mines of New Caledonia, although it may possibly demand a more patient effort. It will hardly be credited, but it is nevertheless an established fact, that in many parts of India the climate is *perfectly European*, and the land of wonderful fertility. In one part, 'the climate is infinitely superior to anything we have in England.'

We admit the general insalubrity of the plains of India; we grant there is no available arable land, even in the mountainous districts of Kumaon, the Punjab, the Deccan or Chota Nagpoor, the Cossyah and the Jynteah Hills; we do not refuse to believe that the valleys of the Punjab, the Eastern Dhoon, and Pegu, are injurious to the European constitution; we concede that in the Meerut division of the North-west Provinces, in Mysore, and in Lower Bengal, Europeans cannot safely labour in the open air. We assent to all these propositions, on the faith of the representations of *employes* of the East India Company; and yet, after this magnanimous string of concessions, we are prepared to shew that myriads of acres of excellent land, in salubrious localities, invite the European to India.

Take, for instance, the Neilgherries, or Blue Mountains, north of the presidency of Madras. According to the testimony of a most experienced and conscientious officer, Captain John Ouchterlony, of the Madras Engineers, the climate, which is the first consideration, is 'infinitely superior to anything we have in England.' Its quality was tested by a Highland regiment—the 74th—which passed many months in the hills, the men being always engaged in the open air, assisting to build barracks, cultivating gardens, and brewing their own beer. Sickness was quite unknown among them. There are 200,000 acres of land in the Neilgherries available for farms or residences, and the soil is adapted to the growth of almost any European and every Asiatic kind of produce. Cotton, coffee, and tea may be grown in great quantities. There is a deficiency of wood-fuel; but peat is generally distributed over the entire range of the hill tract. It was discovered by an Irishman, who had an eye to the bogs. He reaped no reward for his discovery, but to the inhabitants it is a great benefit and blessing. A cart-load of nearly half a ton may be bought for a shilling. Of European productions, the most abundant are precisely those which are most needed, and their cultivation may be immensely extended. Potatoes, wheat, barley—for malting—hops, grasses for hay, and dairy produce for thousands of settlers, constitute the staples of the hills.

Next to the Neilgherries are the Himalaya. There is not much level ground in any part of those lofty

regions. A system of terracing is, however, resorted to, and the cultivation will admit of being greatly extended. At the lower part of the mountains, easily accessible from Calcutta, Dr Hooker reports that there are 'very great capabilities indeed' for the growth of tea. He describes the climate as 'exceedingly healthy' for Europeans, and is of opinion that their presence would tend to the creation of an immense trade between Tibet and India. Dr J. R. Martin, a man of great renown for his treatment of tropical diseases, is also much prepossessed in favour of the climate of the Himalaya, at an elevation of 4000 or 5000 feet above the level of the sea, and especially if the mountains be isolated. At the base of the Himalaya, and in plains of easy access to the mountains, there is wide scope for farms and settlements, over which Europeans could exercise control for several months in the year, betaking themselves to the hills during the very hot weather, when active operations are suspended. Major-general Tremenhère of the Bengal army is equally favourable to the climate, and speaks very confidently of the wonderful field presented in many parts of India for mining operations; and in this respect he is earnestly supported by Captain Ouchterlony. The country yields iron, tin, copper, coal, gold, and diamonds; but as yet it has been very little worked. In addition to the hilly districts above named, we may instance Nepaul, Myneput, the Pulneys, Shevarroys, and Coorg—all presenting openings for capital.

In the plains of Hindostan, as well as the mountains, there appears to be a fine avenue for enterprise. The growth of cotton and sugar, coffee, hemp, wheat, and fifty other commodities, may be largely promoted by the aid of European capital applied to the introduction of a better system of agriculture. 'The application of science to agriculture has made such progress in Europe during the last half-century, that the extraordinary results produced are,' says General Tremenhère, 'a standing rebuke to all authorities connected with India, where not even a first move has been made in that direction.' The personal appearance of the indigo-planter is quite sufficient to establish the healthiness of an out-of-door life even in Lower Bengal, where hundreds of Englishmen might be employed as overseers and agriculturists.

But it is not only as capitalists that Europeans will now find an ample field in India. The perfidy and incompetency of the natives of India have become so glaring, that the government, from a sense of duty to itself, as well as to the country, will henceforth readily accept the services of respectable natives of Great Britain. Their employment in the courts of law, and the superintending of the police all over the country, will go a great way towards improvement in the administration of justice; and the interests of native and European will become the more thoroughly identified by a large infusion of the latter wholesome agency in the direction of an extended system of internal communication. There is no denying that, rich as the soil of India may be, and cordially as it may invite the enterprising European to devote his time, his money, and his talent to the development of its resources, a great increase in the number of roads and railways must forthwith take place. Nor in roads only; canals are needed, and a system of irrigation upon an enlarged scale. In many wide districts, irrigation is necessary to the cultivation of cotton, and cotton, to England, is, we know, everything. With these improvements, all of which demand European labour, and some amendment in the administration of justice, India will soon offer to the intending emigrant of the middle class an almost boundless field of enterprise. He has only to arm himself with a resolution to lead a temperate life, avoiding spirituous liquors as much as possible,

and his chance of success in the country, under the new régime, will, in all likelihood, be very considerable.

## THE DOUBLE WIDOWHOOD.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

THE next two years of Mrs Armour's life were singularly peaceful and cheerful. Her school was thriving, her children well and happy, while, for the first time since she was married, there was nothing on her mind—no secret anxiety wearing her down.

And now it was that the schoolmaster thought of maturing his plan for crushing opposition, and for triumphantly bringing the enemy over to his own side.

Civil wars have been brought to a close, rent kingdoms restored, deeply seated feuds have been healed by a process similar to that contemplated by Mr Holiday. The rival Roses were blended in the persons of Elizabeth and Henry; Ferdinand and Isabella joined kingdoms when they joined hands; and the young and interesting members of the houses of Montague and Capulet meant to extinguish their ancient enmity in the same way, had not a tragic fate stepped in to prevent it: so that the man of authority had many precedents to encourage him, and went forward nothing doubting. Surprised, therefore, was the schoolmaster when the lady said 'No.'

Perhaps it was the man who was not attractive in Mrs Armour's eyes, perhaps the state of matrimony, perhaps both; but it was as we have written, and the poor man returned to his dwelling looking more glum than ever. It would not be matter for astonishment if Mr Holiday was a few degrees sharper and shorter than usual with his young friends for the next two or three days to come.

Ten years had revolved, and the anniversary of the day on which George Armour last crossed his threshold had come round. It was a Sunday—a mid-summer Sunday morning, still and hushed. Except perhaps a labouring-man taking a turn round his garden, and for once bending his back, not of necessity, but to admire his flowers, so rich and fragrant, or a horse being taken to a pond to drink, all was quiet and tranquil. The soft air made a gentle motion among the corn in the blade, and blew the dust from the green glossy leaves of the roadside hedges; the insects were out in the sun; and the birds—what glad, gleg, little, light-headed creatures they are (so handsome, and one would think they knew it), with their throats full of song, and their pin-head eyes glancing hither and thither like specks of living jet.

By and by, the country-people, as the villagers call them, come dropping in; young blooming women with showy ribbons, and flowers round their faces of a hue which cast even the carnation of their cheeks into the shade; sobered-down matrons, whose dressy days are over, with chubby tanned children keeping close behind them: these enter the church, and take their seats; while their fathers, husbands, and brothers stand about outside, talking, till they see the minister go in. One or two carriages, several gigs, and two or three carts—the last with cushions improvised by stuffing sacks with straw—drive into the village, and send their occupants to join the stream slowly flowing churchward. From corners of the village creep forth the aged poor—always more conspicuous in a country church than in a town one—the men with lyart haffets and staff, and the coats which have gone in and out of the chest and the fashion for so many long years; and the little bent round-shouldered old women, with big black bonnets—affectingly decent—of a long-gone-by date, worsted shawls, and bunched umbrellas. From below thick white borders, the little face of age peeps, seamed and withered. One

wonders how it has fared with them on their long rough pilgrimage; whether they have softened and mellowed, or grown hardened and embittered, since the time when they found their feet fast in mortal shoes, which there is no putting off except in that dark and narrow passage they must enter so soon.

At last the congregation are all in. The rich have got settled in their cushions—God knows they don't always recline on roses either, much as they are sometimes envied; the gentlemen have disposed of their hats, and drawn their fingers through their hair; the ladies have spread their skirts roomily, opened their richly bound Bibles, and have in hand their cut-crystal gold-stoppered smelling-bottles ready for a case of drowsiness; it being bad manners to sleep in church.

The poor have unwrapped their Bibles from white handkerchiefs, and laid their roses, sweet-william, southernwood, on the book-board, posies which (barring the southernwood) shed a perfume such as no bottle on the Queen's toilet-table could rival. There were plenty of middle-class people also, intelligent and sober-minded. Mrs Armour was present too. It would have been something extraordinary if she or her children had been missed from their accustomed seat. The windows of the church were all down, and the psalm—sung heartily, if not scientifically—floated out to join the universal hymn of nature.

The text was read and the sermon begun, when an unusual incident occurred.

The beadle was seen stepping up a passage on one side of the church, in the manner which he supposed least likely to attract attention, but which set all the children below, and still more those in the opposite gallery, who had him fully under their eyes, wondering whether it was a cat or a bird he wanted to catch for the purpose of instant ejection. But no; when he arrived at Mrs Armour's seat, he nudged the person sitting at the foot of it, and whispered a few words; that individual nudged and whispered the next, and so on till the message reached Mrs Armour, when, the seat being narrow, five people rose and stood in the aisle till she got out, much wondering what she could possibly be wanted for.

'It's a gentleman wantin' tae speak tae ye, Mrs Armour,' said the beadle. 'See!' and he pointed to Mrs Armour's house, 'there's a post-chaise at your door. I'm thinking he would come in it.'

And as he stopped speaking, Jeanie saw her old Edinburgh acquaintance, Mr Boyd, make his appearance from round the corner of the church. He came up to her, looking rather sheepish.

'I daresay, Mrs Armour,' he began, 'ye'll wonder what's brought me here on a Sabbath forenoon; but the fact is, an auld friend cam in upon us yestreen very unexpected; he's been long abroad, an' this is his ain country; sae naething wad ser' him but he maun be out the day. He's no in very gude health, an' that maks folk restless, ye ken.'

Mr Boyd had run on thus far with a kind of nervous rapidity, and Mrs Armour felt surprised that he had called her out of the church for such a reason: they might have waited till the service was over, she thought.

Mr Boyd went on again: 'It's ten years sin' he's been at hame, Mrs Armour—glancing at her black dress—'an' it's just ten years sin' I didna ken how tae tell ye that your gudeman had left ye; an' now'—he motioned his hand towards the chaise.

'Somebody that knew George,' said Mrs Armour; 'if he has anything good to tell of him, he will be welcome indeed.'

They had got nearly close to the carriage-door, when a head was put out, and there, haggard, thin, and blanched, Jeanie again saw her husband's handsome face! She stood fixed to the ground.

He said: 'Jeanie, will ye take me in?'

All that she could gather strength to say was, 'Yes.'

The elderly ladies, her kinswomen, her promise to them, and her own wrongs, were all alike forgotten at that moment. Here was her husband probably destitute, apparently dying, and she did not see any other course open to her. Mr Boyd was close beside her. He had expected that she would faint, or scream, or do something out of the ordinary way; so, greatly relieved, he patted her on the shoulder and said: 'That's a woman.'

This remark of his, or rather exclamation, embodied the entire philosophy and explanation of the thing: none of us men could have done it; but women, as Mr Boyd said to himself, as he took a turn along the road after seeing them into the house—'women are curious beings; it's a question now but she makes more of him than if he had stayed at home all the time and done his duty.'

However, greatly pleased with the issue of his journey, he soon re-entered the chaise, and left them to themselves.

Now, our readers—at least the feminine portion of them—are sure that we have nothing more to say than that George Armour returned home a wiser and a better man; that native air and good nursing restored him to health; and that he did all that in him lay to atone to his wife and children for past misconduct. We shall see.

But how had these ten years been spent?

#### CHAPTER IV.

During eight years, he had been tossing from one state of the American Union to another, sometimes working industriously, and hoarding his wages penuriously, then herding with the vile, and losing both his senses and his money in intoxication and riot; having to stand the wild and wicked jests of the crew he was among, upon the latter loss, which they knew gave him sore distress. This troubled him, but his conscience did not. Regret for anything he had done, or was doing, he did not know, except when sin brought suffering on him in his own person. On the contrary, he valued himself upon the fact that he was not so bad as some others.

Then came the news which roused all the more intelligent and adventurous blackguardism of the world.

There was gold in California, gold to be had for the lifting. At the first blush of this intelligence, George Armour, in company with bands of the reckless and the wicked, set out for the land of gold. Gold! gold! already he felt his hands clutching it, his fingers closing on it. The floating scum of every city of Europe set in for the golden centre. The multitudes dwelt in tents. Tents are suggestive of an age of innocence and wandering shepherd-life, or of a well-drilled and disciplined military array—but these tents sheltered crime of every dye under heaven. George Armour was not behind. He gathered gold, he drank; he gambled, and went gold-seeking again. This life of alternate exposure and riot began to tell on his constitution, originally strong, and which, in a different course of conduct, and with ordinary care, might have served him to the utmost limits of man's life.

It was rough nursing any one got at the diggings; and even the necessities of life, in no long time, rose to an enormous price. So, shaken as he was, George Armour resolved to try his luck once again; and if he succeeded, to keep his own counsel and his gold, and make for home. He was lucky, even beyond his expectations; and he no sooner landed in England than he embarked his capital in freighting a ship with the stores most needed at the gold-fields. By this venture, he became rich.

He hung about England for a time, but not getting better—but, if anything, rather worse—he came to Edinburgh, and consulted medical men there. They told him that, by strict temperance and regularity, he might have a chance for his life; but that otherwise, it was all over with him. If it is come to that, thought he, I may as well go home. This thought led him to seek Mr Boyd, and inquire of him as to his wife's whereabouts; and hence his arriving, as we have seen, at her door on that Sunday forenoon.

If he had any feeling of shame at all, when he entered his wife's home, it was very faint indeed. He still believed in himself as being a much better man than many he had known; and when he asked Jeanie if she would take him in, it was more by way of saying something of an introductory kind, than that he thought it was a necessary question. He had no doubt that she would only be too glad to see him again; and he gave her a sketch of his history, not containing any of the more glaring facts, which we have only hinted at, but filled in with sundry cock-and-bull stories, calculated to leave the impression that he was rather an exemplary character than otherwise—which indeed was his own conviction.

She believed his account; but in a few days found that, whatever of hardship he had undergone, he had returned the same selfish and exacting man; and that if, as he said, he had made money, he was determined to part with as little of it as possible.

The school had to be given up; he could not bear it. Miss Bogle and Miss Elder instantly stopped their annuity. Miss Bogle insisted on it, although Miss Elder, left to herself, would gladly have continued it; so Jeanie was reduced to the allowance which her husband doled out to her as if it had been his life's blood; living in a place like that ought, he said, to cost next to nothing.

Even in his weak state, he felt the life he was condemned to lead irksome to a degree. His children, although told that he was their father, did not feel natural affection for him—they rather instinctively disliked him: he saw this, and imagining them to be spies upon him, generally sent them from the room, and they were glad to go.

Neither was he looked upon by the public with an over-friendly eye; he found people generally shy of his approaches. There was one exception, however; a man of the name of Mc'Coll, whom he had known intimately in early life, and whom he now found established in the locality as a lawyer in a small way. He did not bear a high character in the district; was mean of soul, and grasping. But George, even if he had been inclined, could not afford to be particular; and when he got a pony, Mc'Coll accompanied him in his rides, and exerted himself in many ways to beguile the time which hung so heavy on his hands. The entire change from his former habits to temperance and regularity, brought about a lull in his disease, although it was short-lived.

Jeanie bore with his bad temper, watched his slightest wish, and devoted herself to him by day and night, with small thanks on his part, for he never said, and probably never thought, that she did enough. He clung to life, but at last his malady assumed such an aspect that he could not disguise from himself that life was ebbing from him; he had been accustomed to shut his eyes to consequences so long, however, and look at things in such a distorted light, that it was not likely his senses should begin to serve him correctly now, when the vacuity of mind and torpor induced by disease seconded his efforts in cultivating that total apathy which he called resignation to fate. Sometimes he upbraided his wife for not looking more cheerful; 'but for Mc'Coll, he did not know what he would do; as for George and Betsey, she had brought them up to forget they had

a father; if she wished to go out, she need not punish them by sending them to look after him, he could get M'Coll when he wanted company. M'Coll knew what a man wanted; he did not come in with a face as long as the steeple;' and so on.

But to do him, or perhaps rather his disease, justice, an outbreak of this kind was only occasional; for the most part, he was quiet and passive.

The greater his debility became, M'Coll's attentions grew the more constant, till at last he was a daily visitor, and even, when it became necessary, insisted on relieving Mrs Armour by taking turns of sitting up at night with him. Jeanie did not much like M'Coll, but she had no choice, and so far as fatigue was concerned, the relief was most welcome. Although, how this man should tie himself, hour by hour, to the sick-bed of a weak, querulous man, evidently dying, who had not even the claim of relationship on him, was more than she could account for; certainly, she thought, he must be a kind-hearted man in reality, although she could not like him, and would have preferred another sort of companion for her husband's last days.

It was not long, however, before the riddle was read to her very plainly and rather unexpectedly.

One day, George seemed to be more excited than usual, and told his wife that he expected M'Coll in the evening, and that she might go to bed as early as she liked, for he would not want anything, and she would be the better for a sound sleep.

It is amazing how faint a breath will blow into life the embers of dying affection. These latter words of George Armour's fell upon the weary, crushed spirit of his wife like dew upon the withered grass. Her love for her husband was just about expiring of sheer starvation, and she grasped at these words as if her ingenuity could make a meal of them. Poor creature, so little was she accustomed to any consideration from this quarter, that these few words, which anybody might have said from mere humanity, actually brightened her eye, and made her step lighter. It was a brief flutter of hope—that night she sounded the depths of her husband's heartlessness.

True to his appointment, M'Coll came, and Jeanie observed in him that slight, and, on the part of the individual, unconscious difference of manner which distinguishes the person having business in view, from the same person with thoughts wholly free. Jeanie was not what is called a sharp, clever woman, far less a jealous, suspicious one, yet she could not help thinking there was something more than usual to take place between these two men.

Her husband, for the sake of thorough ventilation, occupied the largest room in the house—not very large after all—she herself slept in what was little more than a hole in the wall opening from this apartment, and was in the habit of leaving her door half open, that she might hear readily, and be instantly on the alert if wanted.

As had been proposed, she had gone early to bed; but owing to her thoughts wandering over many things, it was long before she slept; however, sleep at last she did. She was a light sleeper at any time, and now it was not long before she suddenly awoke, owing to the glare of a candle being shed over her face; it was just at the moment, however, that it was being withdrawn, and she saw M'Coll in the act of moving away with it in his hand. He crossed the room to George's bedside, and she heard him say: 'She's as sound as a top.' Her curiosity was excited, and raising herself gently on her elbow, she listened, the door being turned round on its hinges, she could see through the interstice. George was sitting up in bed with an inexplicable expression on his thin wasted face. Jeanie gazed at him with a feeling of profound and unutterable pity. Many times, as she had sat

watching him, her heart had sprung to her lips, and her feelings nearly burst forth; but knowing the stinging repulse she was likely to meet, she kept them to herself. But the afternoon's gleam of kindness—perhaps it might be the beginning of a change. M'Coll, too, came within the range of her vision as she watched. She saw him steady a small stool on the edge of the bed, spread a sheet of paper on it, set ink close by, and move the candle nearer.

Then George asked: 'Have you got witnesses?'

'All right,' replied M'Coll; 'when we are ready for them, I can have them in, and get their names down in a second.'

'Begin, then,' said Armour.

And M'Coll, taking the pen, began to write, to George's dictation, what Jeanie instantly discovered to be his will. She listened to the end, and heard him bequeath all that he had to his loving and faithful friend, Simon M'Coll, as if neither she nor her children had been in existence. This, then, was his kindness, his consideration! She saw M'Coll assist him up into a position to sign the document, and give him the pen for that purpose, when, for her children's sake, although neither grasping nor very courageous, she rose, and, in her long white night-dress, glided across the floor. The men were so occupied, that neither of them observed her till she laid her hand on her husband's arm, and said: 'George, if you have no regard for me, think of the children, your own flesh and blood. Will you go direct to the other world with a piece of iniquity like that to answer for?' and she pointed to the paper his hand hung over. Then, turning to the other, she said: 'M'Coll, you want witnesses. I am here to witness that you mean to rob the widow and the orphan.' The pen dropped from George's hand, and M'Coll grew pale. Her appearance was so unexpected and so ghost-like, and her voice so soft and solemn, that these men, hardened though they were, cowered before her. A few moments passed, and M'Coll, lifting the useless paper, said: 'I suppose, Armour, I may as well go.'

'Yes, go now,' replied George; 'and come back to-morrow night, and we'll see what's to be done—I'll think over it.'

M'Coll slunk away; he had still enough of manhood left in him to be ashamed. When he returned the following evening, Mrs Armour led him to her husband's bedside; and there he saw those handsome features fixed and ghastly in death. He turned quickly away—he did not like to look in dead men's faces. George Armour had been quite in his usual state of health till four o'clock that afternoon, when he fell asleep, and never woke again.

Now, my story is really done, except that I may say that Jeanie found that what her husband had left would make her independent in a moderate way; and that her children grew up to be a comfort and an honour to her.

## THE WORM-WORLD.

UNTIL a period comparatively recent, the freshest tyro in zoology would have experienced little difficulty in defining the difference between an animal and a plant. Either the distinction of Linnæus, which, while admitting organisation and vitality to the vegetable world, reserved voluntary motion and sensation as the peculiar endowment of animals, might have been adopted; or the more practical distinction of the greatest of all comparative anatomists, John Hunter, which assigned a mouth and stomach as invariable characteristics of animal life. But as the study of microscopic anatomy revealed an unexpected degree of organisation extending throughout the most minute

divisions of both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, these distinctions were gradually abandoned. Plants, it was found, possessed, in their absorbent pores and cells, organs analogous to the mouth and stomach of animals; while not only did a greater number of the latter appear destitute of the power of locomotion, but several species of plants possessed it to a considerable degree. The question was then attempted to be resolved by a chemical distinction. Animals were said to exhale carbonic acid, and plants oxygen; but this test, although correct as regards the more highly developed representatives of either kingdom, completely breaks down when applied to their inferior species. There are plants that eliminate nothing but carbonic acid, while certain animals exhale only oxygen. This unexpected complexity led to a more careful investigation of the subject, and the result has been the conclusion, that, to use the words of Professor Owen, 'animals and plants are not two natural divisions, but are specialised members of one and the same group of organised beings.'

Certain practical distinctions exist, however, for our guidance, even among the confused occupants of the boundaries of either order. Where the form of organisation is merely a simple cell, requiring a strong microscopic power to reveal its presence, an animal nature is presumed, provided the object displays contractility, and maintains itself insoluble in acetic acid. The diminutive being that corresponds to this humble test is known as the *gregarina*, and was first observed about thirty years ago, a parasitic inhabitant of various insects. Its animal character was far from receiving immediate recognition. By some zoologists, it was held to be the egg of an insect; by others, a stray unvitalised globule; while a third party considered it purely vegetable. Its true nature was at length admitted, and although destitute of mouth and stomach, circulatory, respiratory, or nervous systems, and only nourished by absorption, its contractility and insolubility, combined with a close resemblance to animal embryos destined for a higher development, justify its elevation out of the vegetable kingdom. The *gregarina* is not only of interest as representing the most rudimentary example of an animal, but also from forming the lowest type of the *entozoic*, or, as we have familiarly called it, the worm-world.

The extensive distribution of entozoa, or parasitic animals, throughout the various divisions of the animal kingdom, has been only recently appreciated. Every animal is now believed to be infested with some variety or other. In man, no fewer than eighteen different kinds have been observed—a number not so much due to any special liability, as to better means of observation in his case.\* They are met with in insects (for instance, the bee), fishes, reptiles, and birds, and in mammals both tame and in a state of nature. They are not limited to a particular locality, but push their way into such secluded and sensitive regions as the brain, lungs, liver, heart, and eyes. Their vitality is very powerful, and enables them to resist the effects of extreme cold and extreme heat beyond any other class of animals. The species which infest the Baltic herring preserved

in ice, have been made, upon the application of heat, to exhibit readily symptoms of life. The wheat parasite which produces the diseased condition of that grain well known as cockle, revives under moisture, although dried and apparently dead for a series of years.

From a knowledge of the law that the functions of every species are adapted to its destined locality, we should not have looked for a high degree of organisation among entozoa. Solely nourished by the digested food of other animals, their assimilating power is naturally simple. Excluded from air, they require no respiratory organs, and always maintaining the same position, they are quite independent of any means of locomotion.

They are usually divided into two classes, the solid and hollow. The members of the latter division are the most numerous, the more highly developed, and the most frequent, if least troublesome, subjects of medical treatment; but instead of pursuing the subdivisions of either order, we shall select such characteristic examples as may best illustrate those features that impart most interest to the species in the animal economy. First, of the *Cestoid* or tape-worm order. There are two great representatives of this family, and so definitely do these maintain their respective distinctions, that advantage has been taken of them in a manner we should never anticipate—namely, in an ethnological relation; for the worm that prevails among the natives of Britain, Holland, and Germany, is never met among the inhabitants of either Russia or Switzerland. A tape-worm consists of a series of rings or segments varying in diameter, but whose united length not unfrequently reaches ten, twenty, and even thirty feet. The superior or most internal ring, forming the head, is the most remarkable one. Correctly speaking, the head constitutes the body, as the rest of the joints are merely temporary appendages. The anterior part of the head is armed with a double row of hooklets, which, together with three or four suckorial ducts in their immediate vicinity, serve alike to introduce food and to maintain the position of the animal. The digestive, circulatory, and nervous systems, all on an imperfect scale, are best developed in the head. It is only in the neighbourhood of the oral suckers that nervous ganglia occur. The alimentary canal consists of a double row of tubes, grooved along the successive joints, to facilitate transmission of the food. The four vessels composing the circulatory system run parallel with the divisions of the digestive tube. The animal is not, however, exclusively dependent for support upon food introduced by the mouth, for each individual segment has a power of appropriating a certain amount of nutriment through direct absorption. This process is interesting, from its resemblance to a similar arrangement in the nutrition of plants. The head of the tape-worm absorbs nourishment from the animal it infests, as the roots of the vegetable from the soil. The analogy is further borne out by comparing the partial assistance afforded to the nutrition of plants through their leaf-pores, with that given to the worm by its permeable joints. Each joint is, moreover, a reproductive organ, and like its analogue in plants, breaks off at certain seasons.

The worms of the *Trematode*, or the Suckers Proper, differ in many respects from those of the *Cestoid* type. They are short—not averaging above an inch in length; ovoid in form, and generally flat. Unlike the tape-worm, they possess no hooks at the mouth; but their sucking-tubes are more numerous and more distinct. They are scattered over various parts of the animal, and, with the exception of the most superior, which forms the mouth, serve as processes for adhesion. Each sucker is supported by a small muscular slip, beside which is a nervous ganglion.

\* The popular association of the presence of entozoa with disease is not in all cases correct. The *Trichina Spiralis* has been found to extensively develop in human muscle, as to produce a mottled appearance, while its unconscious possessor remained in perfect health.

The alimentary tube is forked almost from its origin, very strongly resembling the veins of a leaf. In these, as in the variety already considered, the reproductive function is the most highly developed. But the most extraordinary fact regarding all species of entozoa is their introduction into the interior of living animals. This phenomenon long formed one of the most difficult problems in natural history; and until very lately, no more satisfactory explanation could be offered than that of Aristotle, which explained it on the theory of spontaneous generation. The true process is hardly less curious.

Each joint of the tape-worm was represented as being a reproducing organ, in which myriads of eggs are deposited. As soon as these eggs attain maturity, which generally happens about midsummer, the joints are detached from the head; or, as we should say of a plant, the ripe fruit is thrown off. The abandoned head remains behind with only two or three adherent segments. The outermost of these begins immediately to divide into two portions. These soon after break into four, and no long period elapses before the damage occasioned by so extensive a loss is effectually repaired. Meanwhile, the detached segments are speedily abandoned by their ova, which immediately enter upon a larval (caterpillar) state. No difficulty was found in tracing the liberated young of the worm thus far; but the problem of their entrance as large and mature individuals into the cavities of other animals, remained unsolved. It continued in that state until the discovery of larvae, adherent to the liver and other internal parts of snails. Possibly the snail would become a victim to some warm-blooded animal—as, for instance, a bird—the wandering worm being then safely conducted to its destination—probably the sole survivor of the millions that issued from a similar abode some time before.

The development of the Trematode or sucker-worms is even more curious. Perhaps one of their extruded larvae chances to become the inmate of a slug. In such a situation, it speedily outgrows its larvous form, and assumes that of the lowest of all animals and entozoa, the gregarina. It then abandons the snail, and is seen at no distant period to be tenanted with numerous young. These do not at birth assume the maternal or gregariniform shape, but are fashioned after the tailed animalcules. They are from the first able to swim, and exhibit a lively appreciation of this power, until such time as the ever-active laws of their nature necessitate the next and ultimate transformation. This is indicated by a loss of the caudal appendage; and then—supposing the worm still attended with good-fortune—it attacks some animal that can afford a suitable nidus for its complete development.\* To the perils of the tedious journey before an entozoon at every stage of its growth, the extraordinary fertility of its reproductive function must be ascribed. It is not surprising that the intricacy of such processes should have led to their having been at first regarded with doubt. The result of more general observation has, however, tended to establish their correctness. The worm fully developed in a certain kind of carnivorous fish, is in its larval condition an inhabitant of the cuttle-fish, known to form a favourite prey of the other. Again, the vermicule that attaches itself to a mouse, only

arrives at maturity by transference to the tissues of a cat.

It may be asked why nature permits such an enormous destruction as happens to entozoa. The common *Ascaris lumbricoides* produces no fewer than sixty-four millions of eggs, of which possibly only a unit attains development. But the rest are by no means without a use, although they do not reach maturity. They serve as food to myriads of those animalcules, abounding in air and water, upon whose activity the health and enjoyment of higher beings is immediately dependent. The importance of this secondary purpose of the entozoa may be illustrated by reference to a similar adaptation observed in the case of the ordinary cereals. These, in their annual growth, are primarily intended for their own perpetuation, but the use to which they are put as articles of food is vastly more important in the economy of nature.

## TWO HOURS WITH THE CUSTOMS.

THE old song tells us that there is no place like home. However true this may be, home is not a place one is always glad to return to. The man hard-worked for eleven months in the year, who comes back after his four weeks' holiday, with the morrow's desk, ledger, and musty office in prospect, may very possibly enter his own door with other feelings than those of perfect satisfaction. He comes into his room, and finds it damp and dismal from having been unoccupied; he remembers the high spirits with which he quitted it. Two or three things are lying about, evidently out of their places; he recollects that he put these things away in a hurry, at the last moment before he set off, and contrasts his feelings at that time of excitement and anticipation with those he now has, with another eleven months before him to wait for a similar moment of pleasure. There are fifty things which, on entering your room, after returning from enjoyment, put you in mind of hours of pleasant expectation, and raise a variety of sensations not all in accordance with the loyal fealty which every true Briton is supposed to owe to his own fireside.

There are few places where the qualmish feelings of return are more prevalent than on the various ways leading between this country and the continent. It may be safely said that, of those who go hence to the continent, one half at least are in pursuit of enjoyment, and, moreover, with very sanguine expectations of obtaining it. On the other hand, few foreigners come here to enjoy themselves; and of Englishmen returning home, the greater number have just left their holiday behind them. In consequence, we are sorry to say, the road which leads from home is apt to be more joyous than the same way when it is trodden in the other direction.

For this reason, the little annoyances of travel only seem to amuse people when they are going out; but few can bear them with perfect patience when they are coming home. Foremost among these annoyances are custom-house examinations. How many a young traveller, arriving in France for the first time, has anticipated this examination merely as a bit of fun, and, what is more, has found it so. But we imagine that no one ever found anything very funny in examinations on this side the water. The *douaniers* abroad, with their puzzled air, tumbling over our insular wares without well knowing what to make of them, are often more amusing than annoying, if the traveller happens to be in good spirits. Still more entertaining

\* These respective processes illustrate two scientific terms, the use of which is frequently misunderstood, metamorphosis and metagenesis. Of the former, which is a more limited change, and refers to the alteration of form undergone during its successive stages of development by one individual, we had an example in the history of the tape-worm. Metagenesis, a more complicated process, applies to the changes of the representative of an animal in its progress from a larvous origin to maturity, such change requiring a succession of individuals. This process is illustrated in the development of the trematode worms.

are their uneasy glances over our books; the poor fellows scarcely know what to be at, between their dislike of rousing an Englishman's bristles, and their dread of the consequences of letting treason pass the frontier. We well remember the puzzle of a whole band of Austrian douaniers over an English Bible, upon which they were going to lay an embargo, not because it was a Bible, but because it had the royal arms, with the *Dieu et mon Droit*, on the title-page. They took the motto for a republican watchword. There is, in this respect, much to amuse in continental examinations. But the man must have singular powers of extracting fun out of anything, if he can find any in the proceedings of an English customs-officer. Abroad, politics find their way everywhere; and there is always the ridiculous side of foreign politics to persons such utter strangers to political fears and apprehensions as ourselves. A foreign officer never looks into anything without some idea that he may find a plot in the corner. But an English examination is a dry, matter-of-fact business, about which the only consideration is, how to get it over soonest. Add to this that, in passing English custom-houses, one is always in a hurry, and very often in bad humour, and one may therefore make some allowance for the occasional tartness of our officials.

An English custom-house examination is conducted, by arrangements made between the custom-house and some of the steam-boat companies, on board many of the vessels arriving from the continent by the Thames, thus avoiding the delay of an examination on landing. It is, in consequence, carried on in the full view of all the passengers, who, having nothing else to do, amuse themselves with prying into their neighbours' secrets.

The arrival on board of the custom-house officers is the signal for the assemblage of the passengers from both sides of the vessel. Here, for the first time, the poor squalid woman who has been fetching her sick child from the French coast, where she could get the sea-air cheap, jostles against the fat lady with two servants and four tremendous children, who have been on the continent to buy bonnets and learn manners—in the first of which objects, by the way, they have succeeded much better than in the second. Two knots of the other sex are to be seen emerging from the opposite staircases. The one is a band of Belgians, sadly deficient in overcoats, and who, for the last half-hour, have been submitting to every kind of insult from the steward and the cabin-boy, rather than pay the former his fee of sixpence. They are ordered off the tables, on which they are squatting; they are told that they ought to be ashamed of themselves; they get their shins kicked and their brandy-flasks upset without relaxing a muscle from the stoical smile which they have evidently set up for the occasion. The other knot consists of a set of Oxford youngsters, who have been astonishing waiters and porters—if anything could astonish a waiter or a porter—by the enormity of the fees they have been scattering over half the towns of Europe, and who look about them as if they had purchased in hard cash the privilege of being insolent to every one who is in the position of a receiver of money. These two sets of men are the types of their respective classes: the foreigner in England, and the Englishman abroad—the one travelling with the determination not to pay a farthing beyond the absolute exigencies of the law, and quite prepared for the consequent insults they receive; and the other, ready to submit to any extortion,

provided they are allowed to insult the natives in return. As it is a fixed notion among foreigners, that an Englishman will be impertinent whether he pays for it or not, they prudently resolve, in every instance, to put the highest possible tax on the licence.

The entire baggage of the inmates of the second cabin does not equal that of the single fat lady who has just made her appearance upon deck from the first. She values herself on her skill in getting through travelling difficulties. She has paid the steward half-a-crown to make interest for the precedence of her baggage—the steward, in consequence, has just now whispered in the ear of the gentlemanly-looking man with light hair and a stylish overcoat, who is the head of the party of three which is come to make the examination. The other two are a curious cross between clerk and sailor, with white neckcloths and pilot-jackets—a combination never to be seen except on these occasions. But the fat lady is destined to be forestalled, and by a second-class passenger too. This is a tall thin man, in a coarse white, but thoroughly comfortable overcoat, who has been the cock of the second berth since the beginning of the voyage, where he has been drinking brandy and water, and patronising the foreigners; and is now promoted to a confidential conversation with a first-class gentlemanly passenger, who owns that unsteady, unquiet look which men have who consider it their duty to be always on the look-out for information. Our friend in the white coat has the management of a dozen horses the steamer is bringing over, and he has been boasting how he buys them in Belgium for twenty-four pounds apiece, and sells them to Suffolk farmers for fifty; how he once tried to dispose of a cargo in the west of England, and lost ten pounds per horse, with a variety of equine statistics of the same kind. He has not appeared to make any effort to be earliest in the examination business; but somehow or other, his portmanteau is the first that turns up. Some old travellers have the trick of getting before their neighbours in a mysterious way, which the cleverest juggler might envy. It is a single, worn, battered, leather portmanteau, which, when opened, displays a marvellous amount of warm clothing, and an assortment of culinary utensils which would have provided a dinner for a whole picket of Zouaves. It is evident that the man has a noble idea of creature comforts, and that such comforts are only to be obtained after the English fashion; for there is not a thing there which you could not declare to be English at half a mile's distance. This class of men, who live three-fourths of their time on the continent, are, without exception, the most determined Englishmen in existence—they pass their lives in money-transactions with foreigners without understanding a syllable of their language, and in living with them without adopting the slightest portion of their manners. This man would be miserable if he did not cook his own steak, boil his own potatoes, and carry with him half-a-dozen gallons of English gin. That little portmanteau tells the whole story of a whole class—the ingenuity of its arrangements, the absence of every thought but that of the mere animal being, the thorough English prejudice, the strange mixture of business and carelessness, the capacity for packing enjoyment into the smallest possible compass, and carrying his own pleasures about with him; all of which is more or less characteristically English, and the last part eminently so. The foreigner always expects to find his pleasure as he does his bed, purchasable in each new locality.

It is now the turn of the old lady, whose hundred-and-one boxes have all been placed in readiness by the obsequious steward. They contain every single useless article sold in every one of those towns, which people, who go out to come home again and say that

they have been on the continent, find it necessary to visit: saints in ivory, and devils in wood; china in all sorts of extravagant shapes; coloured prints, which look as if they had been washed in a cloud, and then rubbed against the blue sky to polish them; false jewellery in every shape and form; stones made bright by being licked and rubbed against the coat of a Tyrolean mountaineer; bottles of Bohemian glass of a dingy red, which the lady was assured was the true ruby colour, only to be got on special occasions; stuffed cats; paper ornaments for legs of mutton; blue soap; scents in frightful quantity; stuffs of glaring colours, which would make up into anything except clothing—unless, indeed, the manager of a suburban theatre will buy them for his next pantomime—but which the lady has bought because they look travelled, and unlike anything in England: all of these forming an assemblage which the veriest huckster at a bazaar would have tossed under the table as valueless and unsaleable, but which the fair virtuoso in petticoats—there really ought to be the word 'virtuosa' now-a-days—regards with an eye of intense satisfaction as they are brought forth one after another. Who could not foresee the two drawing-rooms at Peckham Rye bedecked with all these gleanings of travel, as Mr Jesse would call them; the old English china hedgehogs and wicker-work banished into the lumber-room, and the whole neighbourhood invited for the purpose of tea and admiration. The inspector is getting somewhat impatient after the first dozen cases have been exhibited. Some of the articles are liable to duty, and he refuses to pass them. The lady remembers having been told by some experienced friend on leaving England, that by a little bullying she may soon get the better of the customs-officers. She tries the experiment accordingly, but is very quickly undeceived; nay, becomes speedily so chop-fallen and flustered, that she would pull out the money to pay duty for the cap and gown she has on, if the inspector could venture the joke. Thank Heaven, she has done at last!

Next comes a man who has likewise received advice from his friends when he went abroad, and, what is more, followed it. We all know his face—that of the sleek business-manager of one of the great City banks. The advice in question was, to offer exactly half the price demanded for every article that he had a mind to purchase. The continental dealers, well used to this sort of thing, recognised their man in a twinkling. In consequence, they asked precisely three times the sum they would have charged to any one else, and when they had reduced their demand to one-half, were still the clear gainers by twice their ordinary profit; while the customer has left them delighted with the idea of having shewn the foreigners that an Englishman is not to be imposed upon. The things themselves are singularly well chosen, and one is pleased to see how many flowers, shawls, and knick-knacks he has brought home for his wife, who was too nervous to cross the Channel. The only wonder is, that he should have been done so completely in the only part where he fancied himself the strongest—the money part of the business. However, to have made a bargain, or to think that one has made a bargain, is precisely the same thing to human nature.

Next came a couple of young ladies, whom the fat female citizen took, during the voyage, under her especial care, because they looked pale and interesting; as a set-off, probably, to her own complexion, which was that of a full-blown peony. She has been teasing the poor girls throughout the voyage with questions about themselves—where they were going to, and whence they were coming from; much to the annoyance of the poor things, whose hearts were full, and who desired nothing so much as to be let alone. She

tried to force all manner of things down their throats at breakfast, when all the while it was evident that they could not eat; and was only stopped by the interference of an old gentleman, who was their fellow-voyager, from compelling them to swallow a whole tumbler of stiff brandy and water, because at one moment they tended towards sea-sickness. Her patronage has been so far of advantage, that they get an early turn to pass their examination. The truth was, the old lady wanted to have a glance at the inside of their trunks. She did not find much she could appreciate, although the collection so far resembled her own, that it was a collection of trifling matters from a variety of places. But in this case it was here a bunch of Rhine flowers, there two or three little German story-books, little ladies' sketches, little pieces of needlework, little bits of jewellery, and a hundred other things—all of them evidently tokens or souvenirs of many a happy hour passed in enjoyment and friendship. One of the girls fairly burst out crying, to the extreme astonishment of her fat friend, as one after another of these recollections of her pleasant summer were tossed about. She was going home notwithstanding. Her companion, whose box was full of sweetmeats and wrappers, was going to school. Her parents had evidently imagined that England was a kind of Nova Zembla, to judge of the mass of furs, shawls, and comfortable things her box disclosed. They have the most curious notions abroad of a winter in England, which is infinitely milder than in the north of France or in the whole of Germany, and less trying than even in the south of France, as we escape the terrible winds which are the pest of that part of the world. But the most characteristic portion of the girl's property was her literature. None but a Teutonic mother would have thought of permitting such an assemblage, still less of putting it up herself. There was a Bible, some essays of Martin Luther, and half-a-dozen books of sermons, by the side of philosophical treatises anything but orthodox, sentimental poetry, and comedies of a freedom which would make the hair of Miss Martha Brown, mistress of the Myrtle Academy, stand on end; if she had the chance of finding them in the first place, and understanding them in the second.

It was now the turn of the batch of foreigners, who had been blocking up the gangway till it was evidently the interest of every one to get rid of them. Upon the officer asking them for their keys, the smile which they put on was inconceivably bewitching. They looked as if they were about to offer to the British government their entire stock of movables. Each had his single carpet-bag, and waited his turn, keeping up the smile aforesaid with an astonishing rigidity of muscle. The first bag opened exhibited an old coat, a hair-brush, a checked shirt, and an empty flask. The next exhibited a checked shirt, an empty flask, and a hair-brush. The third contained an empty flask, a hair-brush, and a checked shirt. Then came a bag which actually contained a large portion of dirty striped linen, which one of the men employed in the search began rummaging with a minuteness and curiosity which, after the very general way in which the other things had been looked over, seemed quite surprising. The truth was, the man had smelt brandy in the clothes, and was looking out for the bottle. His search for it was very much like that of Page for Falstaff in the buck-basket, and, as it turned out, was as little successful. The only article of value which any of these men seemed to possess was a box apiece, filled with a collection of small bottles, containing some nostrum for colouring wood or linen. Half of the foreigners that visit our shores come over with some small idea of this kind, to see to what account they can turn it. One man has a receipt for making palm-soap without

palm-oil; another has some new sizing matter for paper; a third has a new dye for the hair, which he extracts from pearl-sash. These men are all from the lowest orders of educated society on the continent—men with a smattering of general knowledge, inquiring by turns into everything, mastering nothing, but hitting every now and then upon an idea, which they amuse one or two years of their life in endeavouring to make money of; delighting themselves in the meantime with expectations, and when they fail, going, with a shrug and the whimsical good-humour with which Germans take disappointment, to look out for something else, which commonly ends in the same manner. No wonder that their wardrobe is so scanty, and that they grudge the steward his sixpence. But the visit of this class of men, contrasted with the class of Englishmen who go to the continent, has a very material effect on the opinions which the two sections of mankind have for each other. It is a most forcible illustration of the gold and silver sides of the shield. We rarely see any but the shabby classes of foreigners, dirty, subtle, and scheming, and the great mass of the British people form their ideas accordingly. Very few English schemers go abroad, and the *mauvais sujets* of English birth who take refuge on the continent are confined to a few towns. The great mass of British travellers belong to the class who spend money, and require respect, if not servility in return. We have noticed men walking the streets of Paris—Englishmen of some rank—who at home are perfectly quiet and modest, but who put on a stately air, and look defiance in the continental city. The reason is simple enough: at home their position in society is recognised, and they have no necessity for throwing back their heads, and curling their upper lips, in order to enforce it.

Next came our batch of travelled youngsters, who kept up their spirits to the last, and looked as gay as when they set out, whatever they may have felt. The first box they exhibited looked exactly as if it had been filled from some neglected corner in an old turnpike-road. They had thought it their duty to climb every celebrated mountain in Switzerland, and, by way of vouching for this fact, to bring away a stone from each, which ended by forming a collection of rubbish, which certainly none but an Englishman would have thought of travelling over five or six thousand miles to fetch. The mammas and sisters, however, will be delighted to put away in their drawers an ugly piece of rock, because it is stated to come from the Finster-Aarhorn, of which they kick aside the fellow every day of their lives met with in the lanes.

By this time we were tired, and went below. For an hour after, our friend the inspector was still at work over a parcel of poor accoutrements belonging to persons whom we had not seen before, and of whom we cannot even now imagine whence they came. Poverty certainly has singular modes of hiding itself away. The last of all was the poor woman with the sick child. There was not a single article turned out which did not tell of the struggle to provide comforts, which in those sad cases in which comforts become necessities, is one of the most grievous tasks of human life. Even to the toys, which had been wrung from the day's meal to provide some little relaxation for the weary hours of the forced idleness of sickness; the whole mass of shifts to ease discomfort, and make pain tolerable at the least possible cost, came before us with so painful an impress of the most real of all sorrows, that we were too glad to escape from it.

We had seen the year's existence compressed into an hour, of characters the most various, and positions the most different. A moralist might have read a deeper lesson than the loose ideas which then suggested themselves to our less thoughtful mind.

## THE OLD WASHERWOMAN.

FROM CHEMISSO.

THOU see'st her busy with the linen,  
The oldest there, with silver hair,  
The heartiest of the washerwomen,  
And in her six-and-seventieth year.  
She's struggled hard through daily toil  
And laboured with a cheerful mind,  
And meekly striven in life's turmoil  
To act the part her God assigned.

And in her bygone youthful years,  
She loved, and hoped, became a wife,  
Has known full well the many cares  
That crowd round woman's daily life.  
A mother's pains 'twas hers to know,  
The sick man's couch in love to tend,  
To see him in the grave laid low,  
Yet Faith and Hope in heart retained.

Her children must be clothed and reared;  
With cheerful heart to work she went,  
She trained them well, to toil inured,  
And working hard to be content.  
And when her dear ones, older grown,  
From her, to earn their bread, must part,  
She gave her blessing—and alone,  
In years remained, but strong in heart.

And she has sat and worked at night,  
And spun the flax her savings bought  
To finest yarn; with heart as light,  
The yarn she to the weaver brought;  
He's woven it to linen fair;  
She sat and sewed, when time allowed,  
And made herself a treasure rare—  
She made a faultless coffin shroud.

And she has laid it by with pleasure,  
Nor does she shudder at the thought,  
It is her first, last, greatest treasure—  
The treasure that her savings bought.  
She puts it on each Sabbath day,  
To read God's word, with that impress,  
She lays it carefully away,  
Until within in Peace she'll rest.

And oh! that I, at life's close too,  
Might feel—as she, so light of heart—  
Had done the task assigned to do,  
And with such trust performed my part!  
That so I'd known through life to pass,  
And to God's will so meekly bowed,  
And at the end such happiness  
Could feel, in gazing on my shroud.

X.

## HOW TO IDENTIFY STOLEN FRUIT.

When the thief gets clear off, undiscovered, with his booty, the finest peaches, nectarines, or apricots on the wall, it is usual to give them up for lost. Who could identify fruit? Who could say, these things were stolen from me, and not from somebody else? Any person can do so who will take a very little trouble beforehand, in anticipation of the chance of robbery. Let him set a mark on his most promising pieces of fruit, when in a green state, by affixing to them, on the side next the sun, an adhesive label of his initials, or any other private mark. When the fruit is ripe, the labelled spot will still remain green; and when a capture is made, the thief will be petrified at finding that there is conclusive evidence against him, even in the peach itself. This precaution is described in *Notes and Queries*.

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